

The Brave Englishman:
OR THE
VISION.

Aug. 19. 1710. N. S.

By Mr. ADAMS.

6. Octob. 1710.

BY *Ebro's* Streams the *British* General fate,
Revolving all the Affairs of War and State,
When lo! a wondrous *Phantome*, clad in White,
Surpriz'd, but cheer'd him, with its awful Sight.
Stanhope! it's I, it's WILLIAM, be n't afraid.
Thou'rt ANNA's Darling, faith the Royal Shade:
Hers and our Country's Wrongs thou must repay
To MORROW: O how they'll envy thee *That Day*!
But Fate hath order'd that thy Gallant Sword
Shall rescue *Spain*; ALMANZA be the Word.
Farewell. A lambent Flame shot thro' the Tent;
He smil'd, and look'd him Blessings as he went.
Stanhope next Morn (Himself the War alone)
Push'd the PRETENDER from the *Austrian* Throne.
The *Bourbon* Prince, like all his Mighty Sires,
From Battels lost in Order good retires.
Briton, go on, thy Glories to advance;
Spare free-born Souls, send all the Slaves to *France*.
Awake, y' ungrateful World, and all your Voices join
To celebrate th' *Ebro*, *Danube*, and th' immortal *Boyne*.
Long may'st thou live, Great ANNE, ador'd by All,
Triumphant in thy many Wars abroad;
Till vanquish'd Kings shall at thy Footstool fall,
And humbly sue for Peace with one Accord.

Sold by S. Popping at the Black Raven in Pater-noster-row.

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